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"AND THEY WERE MARRIED."

THE HAPPY ENDING OF THE PRESIDENT'S ROMANCE.

The Wedding Ceremonies Performed Last Wednesday Evening--How the Bride Looked, and What She Wore--The Arrival in Washington--Scenes and Incidents.

(Special Dispatch to the News and Courier.)

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Miss Folsom arrived here this morning at 5.30 o'clock accompanied by her mother and cousins, Benjamin Folsom and Mrs. Rodgers. When the train rolled into the Baltimore and Potomac station Miss Cleveland was waiting to receive the bride-elect and her companions. Almost immediately the private car of President Roberts was disconnected and transferred to a siding on 6th street. No sooner had this been accomplished, when Albert drew his handsome turnout up to the car steps. Miss Cleveland stepping out entered the car, and, after a hasty chat with the party, reappeared on the platform followed by Miss Folsom and the other members of the party. The travelers showed no appearance of fatigue, and the bride-elect looked especially bright and cheerful.

Miss Folsom was plainly and neatly attired in a snug fitting rich black silk walking dress and a close fitting short gray cloth sacque, and carried a natty red umbrella with a dog's head carved on the handle. Her hat was of the walking pattern—a high gray straw—with what appeared to be gull's wings standing upright. The young lady, as she alighted from the car and entered the carriage, took a survey of the surroundings, and appeared perfectly happy in the thought that everything had been so pleasantly arranged for her comfort.

The mother of the bride-elect was tastily dressed in black silk and carried no wraps. Mr. Benj. Folsom wore a light-brown overcoat, gray trousers and tall black hat. When the party was comfortably seated in the carriage the door was slammed shut, and, as is their custom at this signal, the spirited horses darted off like a shot and took the most direct route to the Executive Mansion through the Smithsonian and Monument grounds. They entered the Mansion by the southern entrance, a canopy having been erected over the stairway by which they ascended to the main floor. They passed in through the Blue parlor, and Miss Folsom went immediately upstairs to the apartments prepared for her.

SCENES ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The White House has been closed to-day to all persons, excepting those on official business. Down-stairs the florists have been in control of the Blue, Red and Green parlors and the East room, and only those engaged in the work of decorating were allowed to pass beyond the vestibule. The stairway leading upstairs to the official part of the Mansion was also closed against casual callers and newspaper men. The latter were admitted to the vestibute, but that was as far as they were allowed to roam. Your correspondent succeeded in gaining admission to Col. Pruden's office upstairs upon assuring the usher that his errand had nothing to do with the wedding. The clerical force was at work as if nothing extraordinary was on hand. Col. Pruden came from the President's private office bearing sundry executive communications to Congress, including approved bills and veto messages on pension bills. A clerk from the postoffice department was also present to request the signature of the President to a number of postmasters' commissions. About noon, while the vestibule on the first floor swarmed with newspaper men, florists and ushers, the big glass doors leading into the private parlors opened, and out walked the President. He proceeded to the front door, entered his carriage, which was waiting for him, and drove off toward the northwest. He was absent nearly an hour, and when he returned it was said that he had taken a ride to quiet his nerves. Although the President usually shaves himself he did not care to take any chances with the razor to-day, so the Executive barber was permitted to give the President his wedding shave. Throughout the entire day messengers were continually arriving at the White House, bearing wedding presents. One from Mrs. Postmaster General Vilas was a small square package wrapped in white paper and tied with a broad satin ribbon. It was accompanied by a note of congratulations. All the presents were sent upstairs to be opened at the discretion of the bride.

HOW THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED.

Abont half-past 6 o'clock the wedding guests began to arrive, their carriages rolling up to the main door of the Mansion through the great iron gates on Pennsylvania avenue. The first arrival was Secretary Lamar at 6.37. He was closely followed by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland and wife, and during the next few minutes there came in quick succession Postmaster General Vilas and wife and Wilson S. Bissell, Secretary and Mrs. Whitney, and Secretary Manning and wife. Removing their wraps in the State dining-room, all the guests proceeded to the Blue room, where they were received by Miss Rose Cleveland.

For a few minutes the guests chatted gaily, but conversation was quickly suspended at 7.15, p. m., when the selected orchestra from the Marine Band, stationed in the corridor, struck up the familiar strains of the wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and all eyes were turned to the doorway to catch the first glimpse of the coming bride and groom. Starting from the western corridor on the upper floor the President came slowly down the western staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied, even the bride's mother waiting with the other guests.

Passing through the central corridor the bride and groom entered the Blue room, and took a position near its southern wall, which was completely hidden from sight by a mass of nodding palms, tropical grasses and an endless variety of choice flowers. A crystal chandelier poured a flood of mellow radiance upon the scene, and the colors of the massive banks of scarlet begonias and royal jaqueminet roses, mingling with the blue and silver tints of the frescoed walls and ceiling, gave a warm and glowing tone to the whole brilliant interior. The delicate ivory shades of the bride's wedding gown found an exquisite setting in the masses of crimson roses immediately beyond. The President was in full evening dress, with turn-down collar, white lawn necktie and white enamelled studs.

A hush fell upon the assemblage as Dr. Sunderland stepped forward to his position, fronting the wedding couple, with the Rev. William Cleveland (the President's brother) at his left hand. In a distinct tone of voice and with deliberate utterance the Doctor began the simple and beautiful wedding service, after the reading of which he turned to the bride and groom and said:

"If you desire to be united in marriage you will signify the same by joining your right hands." (Groom and bride joined hands.) "Grover," said the minister, "do you take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded wife—to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock? Do you promise to love her, cherish, comfort and keep her in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, and, forsaking all others, keep you only unto her so long as you both shall live?"

The groom (firmly:) "I do."

Dr. Sunderland: "Frank, do you take this man whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock? Do you promise to love him, honor, comfort and keep him in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, and forsaking all others keep you only unto him so long as you both shall live?"

The bride responded in a low, but clear, voice: "I do."

Dr. Sunderland (solemnly:) "Forasmuch as Grover and Frank have here agreed and covenanted to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock, and have confirmed the same by giving and taking the wedding ring; now, therefore, in the presence of this company, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I pronounce and declare that they are husband and wife; and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

The Rev. Mr. Cleveland then pronounced the following benediction:

"God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep you; the Lord mercifully fill you with all temporal and all spiritual blessings, and grant that you may so live together in this world that in the world to come you may have life everlasting. Amen."

CONGRATULATIONS.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly married pair. She was followed by Miss Cleveland, the Rev. Mr. Cleveland and the other relatives and friends in turn. While the congratulations were in progress the band, under the leadership of Professor Soussa, performed the bridal chorus and march from "Lohengrin," and to this music the President and his bride led the way into the stately East room. The adornments of this noble hall were in keeping with its majestic proportions, and its ample space and brilliant illumination afforded an opportunity for a fitting display of the ladies' toilets.

WHAT THE BRIDE WORE.

The bride wore an enchanting wedding dress of ivory satin, simply garnished on a high corsage, with India muslin crossed in Grecian folds and carried in exquisite fall of simplicity over a petticoat. An orange blossom garniture, commencing upon the veil, in a superb coronet, was continued throughout the costume with artistic skill. Her veil was of tulle, about five yards in length, completely enveloping her and falling to the edge of the petticoat in front and extending the entire length of her full court train. She carried no flowers and wore no jewelry except the engagement ring, containing a sapphire and two diamonds, and a plain gold wedding ring, which had been placed on her finger before she descended the staircase.

From the East room the company proceeded, after a season of promenading and conversation, to the family dining-room of the Mansion, where the wedding supper was served.

A BOWER OF BEAUTY.

The decorations of the Executive Mansion to-night were of an elaborate character, and, in the language of one of the oldest employees, "It never presented a handsomer appearance." The various public gardens in the city and many private conservatories here and in other cities contributed their choicest plants and flowers to lend their beauty and fragrance to the scene. Of course the Blue room, where the ceremony was performed, occupied the principle attention of the decorators. Their work was certainly well done. It was transformed into a veritable bower of beauty.

"BLESSED IS THE BRIDE WHOM THE SUN SHINES ON."

Other weddings there have been at the White House—eight in all—but never before to-day has the highest dignitary in the land bowed his head within its historic walls to receive the blessing of the Church on his union in the holy bonds of matrimony. From the very dawn of the wedding day the city seemed alive to the approaching event. Little knots of idlers talked it over on the sidewalks and in front of the hotels. Sedate matrons gossipped as they passed along the streets, and bevies of laughing girls chatted and speculated about the coming momentous ceremonies.

If there be any truth in the ancient adage, a happy bride will reign in the White House; for though the day opened with a gray and cheerless sky and shadows resting on the earth, yet as it grew older the elements seemed to relent, and little by little the sun forced his rays through the unwilling clouds, until his broad beams fell in generous abundance on the soft, green sward of the trim park encompassing the White House, bringing out in high relief the simple yet stately white columns of the time-honored home of the Presidents, crystallizing in prismatic hues the sparkling spray of the fountains, and cresting with gold the foliage of the grand old trees.

The still and murky haze of the early afternoon had now wholly given place to clear skies and warm southerly zephyrs, while yellow sunbeams flitted through the foliage of the park and made flickering pictures upon the velvety turf beneath. The great fountain did its best to attract attention, spouting its cooling spray to the verge of its granite basin. The seats in the park across the avenue were occupied by lawn-clad maidens, while half the young lovers in town, moved by the common sympathy which stirs the romantic susceptibilities of sixty millions of people, took winding walks into the line of the evening promenade and speculated upon the emotions which are supposed to fill the hearts of the bride and groom.

On the asphalt walks, near the portico of the White House, the assemblage was thoroughly democratic, and ragged urchins and slip-shod colored girls jostled natty-looking young gentlemen and ladies in silk attire. The gates were left wide open, and by 6 o'clock the crowd had swollen to several hundred, and a score or more of newspaper men held the point of vantage along the side of the portico.

Suddenly the strains of the wedding march floated through the open windows, and there was a general exclamation from the outside crowd, "The service has begun!" Then there came a tantalizing hush within the walls, which was soon ended by the strains of the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," and it was thereby known that the ceremony was over. One by one the lights sprang up at the windows, and the great lanthern on the portico cast their radiance over the asphalt, a scene which resembled a summer night's festival, and the crowd gave itself up to the enjoyment of delightful music.

THE DEPARTURE FOR DEER PARK.

There was no formal order observed in the supper room, but the collation was served, and the guests sat at small tables or promenaded as they discussed the menu and talked over the event of the evening. The elegant souvenirs of satin boxes, containing dainty slices of bridal cake and each one bearing a hand-painted monogram "C. F.," were received with great admiration. While the orchestra was playing one of its happiest selections, and the guests were gathered about the tables, the bride quietly slipped away to her room and changed her wedding dress for a heavy gray silk traveling dress. She then returned to her company and was soon afterward joined by the President, who had also changed his dress suit for a traveling costume. This was about 8.30, and the President and his bride said a hasty "good-bye" to their friends and left the house through the private exit from the Red room into the south ground. A closed carriage awaited them, and as they entered and the horses started off a shower of rice was thrown on the carriage and their friends waved them a final "God-speed" from the west porch. It was expected that the President would try to slip away unobserved and in order to prevent this a number of newspaper men stationed themselves near the southwest entrance to the grounds with carriages convenient to follow the President in case he should make his exit by that gate. This was reported to the President, so he instructed his driver to go out of the grounds by another and almost unused route, and in that way he avoided the reporters altogether. His carriage was driven direct to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station where a special train was in waiting to take the President and his bride to Deer Park. They were escorted through the station and into the car provided for them without attracting attention, and at 9 o'clock the train started off to its destination. The President and his bride were wholly unaccompanied on this journey. They will probably remain at Deer Park about a week, during which time they will occupy a small cottage attached to the hotel, which has not yet opened for the season.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The wedding presents were many but they were not exhibited, nor will any list be furnished. This is in deference to the wishes of the President. The groom's gift to his bride was a handsome diamond necklace composed of a single string of brilliants. The presents from the Cabinet officers and their wives were mostly articles of jewelry, though there were several beautiful presents of silverware.

THEY DID NOT KISS THE BRIDE.

Contrary to expectation the President wore white gloves at his wedding. The gentlemen present at the wedding were not fortunate enough to receive a salute from the bride, who confined her kisses to the ladies. Otherwise the ceremony was orthodox in form. The arrangements for the day's event were under the control and personal management of Col. Lamont, and they worked so smoothly and satisfactorily as to earn for him universal commendation and compliment.

VICTORIA'S BEST WISHES.

LONDON, June 2.—The Queen has sent the following cable message to President Cleveland:

"Please accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage, and my best wishes for your happiness. VICTORIA."

DEER PARK, MD., June 3.—President Cleveland and bride arrived here at 4 o'clock this morning, and are domiciled in one of the cottages attached to the hotel. There are but few persons here, as there was no knowledge that the bridal party would come. President and Mrs. Cleveland are sojourning very quietly. A large influx of visitors is looked for in a few days, as it is known that the newly wedded couple are here.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—About five hundred telegrams congratulating the President on his marriage have been received at the White House. They include messages from ex-President Arthur, Mrs. Grant, Ministers Pendleton and Phelps and many public men throughout the country. None of the dispatches will be given out for publication.

The General Assembly, Knights of Labor, which had been in session ten days at Cleveland, Ohio, adjourned sine die on Thursday evening. An address setting forth the objects of the order was given out. Overtures were made to the trade unionists favoring consolidation, but the latter express themselves in unsatisfactory terms about the proposition.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Common Rules of Society that Every Gentleman Should Observe.

Poor fellows! How they get hectored and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when, after all, if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M." as she pointed out the following for a little twelve year old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners for the street.

Hat lifted in saying "good-bye" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Always precede a lady up stairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always unless she ask you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentleman stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smaking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobstrusively always.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door. These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

"Did you make up all these rules, auntie?" said Roy, as a copy neatly printed by a type writer was placed in his hands.

"Make them up? No. These are just the common rules of society that every gentleman observes. You will not find your father failing in one of them."

"Well, but he is a man," said Roy, deprecatingly.

"And do you not wish to be a manly boy?"

Roy said nothing, but it was noticed that the rules were placed very carefully in his drawer.

Some months have since passed and auntie has had the pleasure of hearing repeatedly the remark, "What a manly, thoughtful little nephew you have," as one and another observed his polite and careful attention to others.

Perhaps there are some other boys who will like to cut out these rules and read them over now and then, keeping, or getting some good friend to keep a record of their success or short-comings in observance, always remembering that the mothers, sisters and aunties are the "ladies" to whom these attentions should be shown, and not merely to the guest and stranger.—Yonkers Gazette.

SCHOOL-BOY STRIKERS.

Conditions Propounded by a Lot of School-Boys With a Desire for Reform.

The most interesting conditions laid down in behalf of any set of strikers are those which we find in the Indianapolis Sentinel propounded by a lot of school-boys inspired with an ardent desire for reform in the methods of public education:

"1. A reduction of the hours of study.

"2. An increase in the periods of recess.

"3. Noon to begin at 11 o'clock and extend to 1.30 or 2, according to the condition of the weather.

"4. School shall let out any afternoon when there is a base ball match or a circus within fifteen miles.

"5. Any scholar who wants a 'reward of merit' to carry home to his parents can have it at wholesale at cost price.

"6. Ferrules to be made of soft wood.

"7. The old time custom of punishing boys by compelling them to sit with the girls shall be immediately restored.

"8. A boy who holds up his right hand and says, 'Please, sir, may I go out?' shall be allowed to go, whether it be necessary or not.

"9. The number of boys allowed to go and fetch a pail of water shall be increased from two to four, with proper allowance for time consumed in going and coming.

"10. No boy shall be punished for offensive words spoken in debate with another boy.

"11. While believing in arbitration on general principles, we insist that two boys who have a grudge to settle shall be allowed to fight it out between themselves. No teacher need apply a whip on account of it.

"12. A boy who tells on another boy shall be boycotted.

"13. No boy shall be kept in after school, except at his own request, as when another boy is lying in wait to lick him."

The exception to the principle of arbitration laid down in the eleventh article is, we think, to be commended, and we judge that people generally will agree that this school-boys' strike is quite as sound as many of those that have made a great stir in the world of late.

"The Khedive" will be the name of Gilbert and Sullivan's next comic opera. It will probably be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre about November 1.

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH.

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

What Work the Good Farmers Should Do in the Month of June--An Interesting Article From an Intelligent Writer.

(W. L. Jones in the June "Cultivator.")

The cultivation of summer crops now absorbs attention. The plants valued by man cannot stand natural competition; they would be destroyed by worthless competitors but for his timely interference and aid. Mr. Lawes left a crop of wheat unharvested to see if the plant could reseed and perpetuate itself without assistance. It failed utterly; in one year wheat would become extinct but for the intervention of man. Under like treatment the turnip lost its bulb and formed only a long, contracted taproot, as it does in its wild state. On the other hand, wheat on carefully prepared land, kept perfectly clean so as to remove all competition, made an average yield of 13 bushels per acre for thirty years without manure; highly manured, under the same conditions otherwise, the average yield per acre for thirty years was 36 bushels per acre. With cultivation and without manure, 13 bushels per acre; with cultivation and manure, 36 bushels per acre; without cultivation and manure, nothing. There is a lesson for us.

Every one with the slightest farming experience appreciates the importance of fighting crab grass, but the fight is often made too late, and after irreparable mischief has been done. Plants never fully recover their vigor after this grass has once matted itself about them. By all means kill it before it has had time to rob the crop of its plant-food; when the seed have well sprouted or have just come up is the time to destroy it. The only safe rule, therefore, is to run the plows or cultivators at short intervals—say once a week. Later in the season such frequent workings will not be demanded; but during the month of June, never stop the plows; as soon as the crop is gone over, go right over again. Especially is this demanded by cotton. Give it every advantage now. Let it make weed and be ready to take on fruit. Growing and fruiting are somewhat antagonistic. Encourage the growing now by frequent workings, and let it give place to fruiting later in the season. Constant stirring of the soil is the best growth-promoter. But, says one, growth is naturally excessive on my lands; my cotton makes too much weed and does not mature its fruit. Perhaps on such soils it might be well to work the crop at longer intervals—only so often as may be needed to keep down grass. It seems to be pretty well established that common salt tends to check an overgrowth of straw in small grains; it may possibly have a similar effect upon the production of excessive weed in cotton. The matter is worthy of experimental trial. Mr. Dickson, whose intentions were very remarkable, and whose insight into manuring was very extraordinary, always put salt in his compound.

But rapid tillage not only promotes immediate growth, it contributes also to fruiting by increasing the supply of plant-food in the soil. We have repeatedly called attention to the necessity of air in the soil for nitrification to go on. Nitrification increases the supply of available nitrogen in the soil; plowing opens the soil, admits the air, and thus promotes nitrification. Not only so, the admission of air generates carbonic acid in the soil, and carbonic acid is the great solvent of mineral plant-food also. The saying, therefore, that "tillage is manure" has considerable foundation to rest on. It certainly unlocks the storehouses of nature. Well-worked crops seldom fail to yield fairly, however adverse the seasons may be. Let it be borne in mind also, that light, surface cultivation is the great conservator of moisture in the soil, and one of the best antidotes to drought. A deeply broken, humus abounding soil, with a thin layer of pulverized earth upon its surface, is almost proof against drought.

What are the best implements for this light summer cultivation? The Dickson sweep fifteen or twenty years ago was esteemed the best. It certainly was a great improvement over the shovel, both as regards quantity and quality of work. Mr. Dickson insisted that they should be heavy, to keep them steady to their work. The long extended cutting edge caused them to strike more obstructions and rendered it difficult to hold them steadily to their place. This is a great defect of the sweep. On the other hand, this long cutting edge makes it almost impossible for a may-pop or brier to escape. This is decidedly in its favor. Of late years the heelscrape has largely supplanted the sweep on account of its greater simplicity and less cost. It does about the same kind of work—some think better work. Both sweep and scrape will make beds, unless their wings are carefully set, this is a decided objection to them in hilly land, liable to wash. A cultivator, with wheel to regulate the depth of the plow, is in some respects preferable to either sweep or scrape. It is not so easily thrown out of position by obstructions, and does not work the land up into beds. Probably a combination of the two, following each other at alternate workings, would be better than either alone. A cultivator will run too deep for light summer work, unless the depth of its cutting is regulated by a wheel. We are inclined to think that in some form or other wheel plows will become of universal use, not only for gauging the depth of furrow, but for the sake of decreasing friction, and relieving the pressure on the bottom of the furrow, arising from the weight of the plow itself, increased by that of the earth which it lifts. The grinding and pressing down by the ordinary plow generates the hard-pan found in long cultivated land.

The pea crop should be planted now as soon as possible. Put in drills three feet apart; a bushel of seed will plant four acres; and as seed is a consideration, this mode is oftentimes preferable to broadcast sowing. More peas can be raised by the former method of planting, but the latter is better for the land. If one's object is to raise seed, drill by all means, and give necessary plowings and hoeings, which will not be a great deal. The practice of planting peas in corn is good; it involves no expense except seed and the dropping or sowing of them. But we think the pea is entitled to a place on the farm as a regular crop to be planted by itself and properly cultivated. Its value, as a renovating or recuperating crop, is unsurpassed, and it holds no mean place as a food crop, either as grain or forage. It can be made to take the place of corn to a considerable degree, as we have often seen, and can be raised at less expense. The gathering of the crop is the greatest obstacle to be overcome, but until a better method is invented we can mow when the pods are about grown and cure as forage. A correspondent mentioned recently a pea gathering machine—that is the thing needed. Let inventive genius go to work in this direction. The problem is very much simpler than that of a cotton picking machine, and inventors have not yet abandoned the latter.

June is a good month also in which to plant forage crops generally. Last year we planted amber cane on the 29th of June, and it was fully matured before frost. Maturing late it can be kept green and succulent for six weeks or two months, extending the season for feeding green stuff well into the winter. Forage corn planted at intervals of two or three weeks, up to the last of next month, will keep stock amply supplied with good wholesome feed all through autumn, without the necessity of trenching on the winter's supply of fodder. It is the neglect of such side crops that causes so much Northern and Western hay to be sold in the South. A very few acres on each farm could supply all of the forage needed. Recently we presented the latest testimony and conclusions about ensilage. It is sufficiently encouraging to warrant every farmer trying it on a small scale, at least. The expense of digging a small pit, putting in the forage, weighing it down and putting a simple roof over it, will be very small. All can be done by the laborers on the farm after the crops are laid by. Plant the necessary crops to fill one now and build silo later—I don't think you will regret the venture.

Last year, whilst laying by some bottom corn, we broadcasted Soja bean over a portion of it, and were rather surprised to see it mature its seed fully before frost. As it stands erect (is not a vine) we found no difficulty in mowing it, and gathered the crop in that way. It is doubtless a renovating crop like the pea, and might be substituted for it on bottom lands, where the running vines of the pea interfere with the pulling of fodder. The bean is very hard and the weevil does not seem partial to it. We kept the seed two years before planting. Ground into meal, there is no more nutritious grain to be found. The yield and nutritious quality of the grain commend it. Unless cut when young and green it would make poor forage as the stems become very hard and woody with age.

As the oats crop was very much killed by the cold last winter, it is very desirable that all that survived should be carefully saved with a view to propagating a hardier strain of winter oats. Darwin relates that spring wheat sown in autumn was nearly all killed, but by planting the seed of that which survived, in a few years a hardy strain of winter wheat was developed from the spring wheat. Why could not the same thing be done with oats? What is termed in Georgia "winter grazing oats," originally, we believe, from Virginia, certainly stands cold better than the rust-proof. We have tested that point from sowings of each side by side on the same day last fall. A decided sprinkling of the grazing oats survives, and scarcely a plant of the rust-proof is to be seen. The grazing oats is therefore the more promising as regards cold, but it is not rust-proof. What we need is a variety both rust and cold-proof. The present is a most excellent opportunity to begin work to that end. Let every one gather the scattered heads and sow the grain therefrom next autumn. The pliability of the oats plant, so to speak, has been shown by the Burt and other early varieties recently developed; we are encouraged, therefore, to hope that it may be changed also in its power to resist cold.

We trust also that an abundance of seed rye will be saved at the South this year. The area sown in this most valuable grain has been very materially curtailed by the scarcity of valuable seed. Western and Northern seed will not do well with us; we repeat, therefore, let every one save all the rye he can. As we have argued heretofore, all the clean land on our farms ought to be seeded down in the fall, to prevent leaching and washing through winter and spring, and there is nothing as good for the purpose as rye. Nor is there a more certain crop to supply green forage in the early spring. It never fails if sown early on good land. Rye, crimson clover and burr clover are three very hardy and very early spring crops, and ought to find a place on every farm. They will grow anywhere, even on the borders of the Gulf.

Put out potato slips for the main crop between the 10th and 25th of the month. If vines can be had, they are equally as good, perhaps better, than slips or drawers.

Died While Talking of Sudden Death.

Jacob Neff, a well known farmer of Manor Township, Lancaster, Pa., died suddenly last Tuesday morning under peculiar circumstances. He drove to Millersville at six o'clock to see his son started on a journey and have some repairs made to his carriage. Meeting a friend, the subject of sudden death came up, and Mr. Neff remarked upon the large number of such deaths that had occurred recently. The conversation ended, he turned to go into blacksmith shop, when he uttered an exclamation and fell dead at the feet of the smith. His death was caused by heart disease, and it is a curious coincidence that the majority of persons mentioned in his conversation died from the same cause. He was seventy-six years old, and leaves a wife and several married children.

An umbrella is like a convalescent man, when it is recovered.

A REMARKABLE FORGERY CASE.

How a Lad of Sixteen Forged Judge Ashman's Signature.

One of the boldest and most remarkable cases of forgery by a boy ever known has just come to light in Philadelphia, and it was no fault of the boy that he did not succeed in getting away with a large sum of money. James Barber, 16 years old, who lives on the top floor of the Orphan's Court building, is in prison on the charge of larceny and forgery. Detectives Muller and Sharkey arrested him in Mount Moriah Cemetery for stealing a warrant for $1,750, belonging to Judge William N. Ashman, and forging the name of the Judge and that of City Treasurer Bell in an attempt to have it cashed. The warrant represented the Judge's salary for three months, and was delivered by a letter carrier at the court building on Wednesday morning last, it having been sent by mail from the Auditor-General's office at Harrisburg. The lad either took it from the mail box or from a table in the Judge's room. He then wrote a letter to City Treasurer Bell, saying:

Please give me a check for this warrant and send by bearer. Yours,

W. N. ASHMAN.

Young Barber took the warrant and forged note to Mr. Bell. The warrant was not endorsed, and the lad was told to take it to the Judge and have him sign his name on the back. The hopeful forger left, but instead of going to Judge Ashman he stopped at a place in vicinity and placed the judicial signature on the back of the paper. He again visited the City Treasurer, who, upon carefully scanning the warrant, discovered that the amount was written $2,709 in the body of the warrant, while the figures were $1,750. The lad was again directed to return with the warrant to Judge Ashman, and a letter written by the City Treasurer calling attention to the mistake in the warrant was also sent. When a safe place was reached, the redoubtable youngster destroyed Mr. Bell's note and composed one of his own. It said: "Please send up your your bill. Something's wrong in your account." When the note was delivered to Judge Ashman he was puzzled and said he would call at the City Treasury. When he called there the Judge and City Treasurer soon learned the true state of affairs. The detectives were immediately employed to catch the thief and forger. Later in the day, seeing that he was baffled, he sent the warrant to Judge Ashman in company with a letter signed "Jimmy So-so." When arrested he made a confession and also acknowledged that he had robbed a number of desks in the Court Building and stole Judge Penrose's overcoat last winter.

Never—No, Never.

Never present as a gift any article, saying you have no use for it.

Never furnish your child for a fault to which you are yourself addicted.

Never associate with bad people; cultivate good company or none.

Never, when traveling abroad, be over boastful of your own country.

Never deter to another time what can be done at the present moment.

Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by touching him; speak to him.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story, or you will be called an egotist.

It is not in good taste to clean the finger nails or teeth in the presence of company.

Never betray confidence; to do so indicates a lack of principle and good character.

Never make much of your own performances; it is not sense to act in this manner.

Never leave home with unkind words, for you carry away with you unpleasant thoughts.

Never laugh at the misfortune of others; all men are not equally free from awkwardness.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed, or you will be considered untrustwothy.

Never make a promise that you cannot keep, for you will get the reputation of being untruthful.

Always give a civil answer to a civil question. Civility costs nothing, but always leaves a good impression.

Never send a present with the expectation of getting one in return, for thus you destroy the value of your gift.

Never talk to printers when they are engaged in setting type. It bothers them in their work, for no man can work at one thing and talk about another and do both properly.

Old-Time Farming.

Our veteran Georgia farmer, Major John H. Dent, of Floyd county, in a letter to the Country Gentleman, makes this reference to a much-discussed subject: What has operated much against the farmers of late days is depending so largely (or I may say, entirely depending) on expensive bought fertilizers, instead of raising crops that would leave vegetable matter to turn under to benefit their lands. Making lot manures has nearly been abandoned, as it was found so convenient to purchase the commercial fertilizers, not taking into consideration the expense of such fertilizers, and in some cases their worthlessness. This unwise system has ruined many, both in pecuniary results and in using fertilizers that were of no permanent benefit to their lands. Humus we need; without humus, the lands will not hold moisture; hence so much complaint is made of droughts. To sum it up in a few words, the best of lands, and most favorable seasons, cannot maintain any farmer who buys his fertilizers and all his food supplies. We want going back to the old-time, common-sense farming—entirely self-sustaining and independent. There is too much gilt-edge about it now—more fancy than substance—when we should remind ourselves that "it is not all gold that glitters."

Confederate Bonds.

The House Committee on War Claims last week listened to an argument by Judge Fullerton, of New York, representing various Confederate bondholders, who urged the redemption of those bonds by the government.

A REMARKABLE MISER.

A Chicago Woman Who Lived Off of Refuse from Swill Barrels.

In a miserable little hovel in Chicago lived an old woman known as "Crazy Maggie. For sixteen years her only companions have been dogs. Lately six dogs have been members of her household. She has for years subsisted on the refuse gathered from trash barrels. Day before yesterday the authorities decided to take her into custody. Officers went to her hovel and were obliged to break in the door, and were at once set upon by three of the six dogs, the others being too old to show fight. The brutes were promptly hit on the heads with stout clubs which the Sheriffs carried, and Crazy Maggie was put screaming into a carriage. The shanty was absolutely without furniture. The fire burned in the corner and smoke from it ascended through a stove-pipe stuck through the roof. The woman declared that she had money in the house. The officers were disposed to doubt this at first, but she was so persistent that two of them returned to the hovel while a third held the woman, and after a search of half an hour unearthed $1,060. The first find was an old battered satchel, which was weighted down with $661 in silver halves, quarters, dimes and nickels. Several stockings were next found loaded with gold, and in a half dozen crannies other stockings were discovered, some containing $10 or $15 in greenbacks and others as much as $50. The fire in the shanty was extinguished, the hovel barred up and Crazy Maggie driven to the jail, her money turned over to her and a receipt taken for it. Mr. Neal, the owner of the property, explained his action in filing a petition as the only means of dispossessing the miser. He wants the land to build on.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN KELLY.

What a Once Hostile Journal Now Says of the Dead Tammany Chief.

It is not as a philanthropist or as a dispenser of large charities or as a man who went much about doing good to his fellowman that John Kelly will be chiefly known in history, yet we doubt whether there is another citizen of New York whose death would touch so many hearts with a sense of personal loss. Unquestionably the sincere and widespread sorrow occasioned by his death is due in some degree to the generous and charitable nature of the man, but it is the leader rather than the friend whom most of those who followed and trusted him in life will mourn to-day. The political followers of Mr. Kelly belong, for the most part, to a class whose emotions are easily stirred and in whom the sentiment of loyalty to a leader approaches much more nearly confines of personal affection than is the case with the members of cooler blooded and less enthusiastic races. A life of prolonged and manifold activities had made John Kelly not only prominent as the skilled leader of a powerful faction of the local Democracy, but it had also won for him the boundless confidence of something like a third of the legal voters of this great city. To these voters, not the most disreputable a very active part, Mr. Kelly was the visible embodiment of every political measure and every political principle. He was to them not merely Tammany Hall and sound Democracy, but the Constitution and the country. So long as he retained his health and his part in politics John Kelly carried under his hat the principles of his immediate party, and the members of that party will lament his death as a kingdom mourns its sovereign or a republic its founder.

The public's tribute to the memory of John Kelly will gain much in sincerity and in impressiveness from the public's feeling that he was an honest man. Personal honesty counts for much in life, even in this city, where the dishonesty of public men is proverbial, but in death it counts for everything, since it has not yet become customary with respectable persons to join in reverent ceremonies over dishonored dust. And the consoling reflection that in all the struggles and the tumults of his life, in all the offices he held, and in his private relations Mr. Kelly's personal character commanded the respect of his bitterest political enemies will serve as the comfort and solace of his near and intimate friends amid the criticisms which it is inevitable and not to be regretted that his public career and services should undergo.
—*N. Y. Times.*

The Rope as a Reformer.

The law against carrying concealed weapons was passed in compliance with public sentiment, and should be enforced by public sentiment. The man who is known by nearly every one of his fellow-citizens, except by those whose duty it is to know, to carry a pistol habitually is a disgrace to the community in which he lives, and should be marked and treated accordingly. A law-breaking and dangerous citizen, he is unworthy of the respect or confidence of his neighbors and should be made to feel his position. Failing to reform him in this way, he should be handled without mercy when the crime which he courts is at last committed, and the deadly shot proclaims beyond question what is his true character. Nothing will go so far towards reducing the number of those who carry concealed weapons as a few public hangings of members of this class who have used their weapons with deadly effect, and one or two such hangings are sadly needed in this State.—News and Courier.

Secretary Manning's Resignation.

Secretary Manning on May 29 handed President Cleveland his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury, stating that his health would not permit an early resumption of the active duties of the office. On June 1st the President replied declining to accept Secretary Manning's resignation at present, and asking him instead to take leave of absence until October 1st, when the subject may be renewed if Secretary Manning remain of the same mind as now. Secretary Manning left Washington on Saturday evening for an extended stay at the Hot Springs of Virginia.

What the Knights Want.

CLEVELAND, May 31.—This morning's session of the Knights of Labor convention was by far the most important in its results to the public at large, if not to the order itself, of any session of the convention. A resolution was adopted requesting Congress to declare the national election day a legal holiday. A letter was ordered sent to the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. The contents and character of the letter are withheld until it has been received by the Amalgamated Association, but the assurance is given that it contains nothing but good will and the spirit of fraternity. It was resolved to appoint at once and send to Washington a special committee of three to look after the labor legislation now pending before Congress.